WILDSTORM 2003 ANNUAL

"40 WINKS"

by

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Wildstorm Comics
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StormWatch: Team Achilles
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Written by Micah Ian Wright
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PANEL ONE

JUKKO HÄMÄLÄINEN stares into a mirror as he brushes his teeth over a small sink set against a concrete wall. Just out of a shower, he wears a towel from his waist to his knees, his torso is nude. Jukko's entire body, bald head, arms and face are covered with burn marks, thick ropey scars, bullet holes, etc. Even his scars have scars marring them.

LOCATION CAPTION
Saturday Night, New York City

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Hello. My name is Jukko Hämäläinen and I am a super powered being.

GROUP (DIFFERENT-COLORED CAPTION)
Hi Jukko.

PANEL TWO

This is Jukko's StormWatch apartment: a 15x 30 concrete-walled studio apartment, 300 feet underground below the United Nations. A metal-framed twin bed is bolted to the floor in one corner. A wooden armoir holds clothing. Nothing adorns the walls except a boxing speedbag. It's reminiscent of a prison cell.

Jukko stands next to the bed, pulling back the covers.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I'm not a Super-Hero. You have not seen me on the news. I do not wear a cape or a spandex pervert suit. I do not have a glamorous superpower.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I have the unenviable superpower of being able to feel the pain of everyone within a three-kilometer radius.

PANEL THREE

Jukko lies in a metal-framed twin bed bolted to a concrete wall, his eyes wide open. An Ikea-esque digital clock near him reads "22:15".

JUKKO
When I am settling down to sleep, that radius shrinks to about half a kilometer.

PANEL FOUR

Angle on a group of desiccated, shriveled CANCER SURVIVORS with huge black bags under their eys (most of them wearing hats and heavy coats). They sit in metal folding chairs staring at camera, many drinking coffee out of styrofoam cups.

JUKKO (O.S.)
Which still places you people about a quarter mile too close to where I live.

CANCER GUY
Uhm, and how is that OUR problem, exactly?

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PANEL ONE

Reverse shot from over the shoulder of the Cancer Survivors. Jukko stands in front of the Cancer Support Group, wearing a pea coat and a knit cap. He smiles (not a pleasant smile, either) and cracks his fingers in front of him.

Behind him on the wall is a sign which reads “Cancer Survivor Support Group.”

JUKKO
I also have the amazing power to break every bone in your hands.

JUKKO
If you think you are in pain now, just imagine not being able to open your medication bottles.

PANEL TWO

Jukko leans into Cancer Guy’s face and glowers at him. The guy is intimidated.

JUKKO
Now, do you want to move this meeting a mile uptown every Saturday Night, or do you want me to begin working on you?

PANEL THREE

Jukko stands on the NYC sidewalk which is covered with brown, slushy snow. The Cancer Survivor group is leaving a church and piling into a Yellow Cab van Taxi.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I just threatened a group of people with Pancreatic Cancer. So that I could get some sleep.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I am such a Bastard.

PANEL FOUR

Jukko walking back towards the United Nations Plaza.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
All the way back to the UN, I keep telling myself that I would not have actually hit any of them.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Probably.

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PANEL ONE

Jukko sits in the lotus position on a woven mat in front of the bed, no shirt on. Incense burns next to him on the floor.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Still too keyed up to sleep.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Sometimes Meditation helps. Empty the mind. Become nothing.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Lower the sensation range. Pull it back within myself. Control the pain.

PANEL TWO

Closer on Jukko. His eyes closed, face relaxed.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Pain is shrinking. Going, Going...

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I am Getting Sleepy. Sleepy. Sleepy...

JUKKO (CAPTION)
No I am Not.

PANEL THREE

Eyes open, face contorted in pain. The Ikea clock behind him reads “23:05”.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Meditation isn’t working at all...God Damned Pancreatic Cancer Support Group. I should have hit every single one of them.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Wait... this is not residual Cancer pain. This is something fresher. Sharper.

PANEL FOUR

Two NY Italian-American toughguy fight on the snow-covered sidewalk outside of a bar. Fat, burly truck-driving types. Vinny is punching Mikey in the stomach.

VINNY
-that the Mets SUCK!

MIKEY
Gguuuff!

CONTINUED:

JUKKO (CAPTION)
A bar fight. I thought I had warned all of the bartenders in the neighborhood. Told them I would give them a piece of what I get when they serve someone too much and their customers start taking pokes at one another.

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PANEL ONE

Wider shot. Mikey is down on the ground. Vinny stands over him, shaking his fist. Jukko's shadow falls over them both.

VINNY
Now YOU say it! The Mets Suck! Say it!

JUKKO (O.S.)
The Mets suck.

VINNY
Who the-

PANEL TWO

Vinny looks up at Jukko, who's still offscreen. Mikey punches Vinny right in the balls.

VINNY
-fuhhhh!

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Now why did he have to go and do that? Only one thing to do now...

PANEL THREE

Jukko in mid-flying kick. His boot connects with Vinny's jaw, pushing it up and backwards, knocking him unconscious.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
See, you would think that this hurts me.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
It does... but it will feel so much better in a moment.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Once they are unconscious, it turns off like a light switch.

PANEL FOUR

Jukko punches two fingers into the side of Mikey's neck below his ear, HARD! It turns Mikey off -- instant rag doll. His eyes roll back in his head.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I can only feel their pain if they are awake to feel it themselves.

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PANEL ONE

Jukko stands on the sidewalk, shaking hands with a cop. The cop’s partner is shoving the unconscious Mikey into the back of his patrol car.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
The cops in this neighborhood love me. Ever since I moved into the United Nations, there is almost no violent crime here -- and no wife-beaters, no child abusers or filth who harm the elderly either.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Especially at night.

PANEL TWO

Jukko walks down the street in his peacoat and knit cap, hands out of his pockets, smiling.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Maybe this was what I needed. Get out into the cold night air, get some exercise, get some endorphins rushing. Go out for a stroll. Clear my head.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I used to live in a snowy forest, 85 miles from the nearest human being. It was calm. Peaceful. Then I got a job working for the UN.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Now I live in New York City. It’s an exciting place. Something’s always happening. A lot of the time, I really like it.

PANEL THREE

Jukko bent over in front of a pawn shop, grabbing his head. His body curling up from the Pain washing over him. The hands of an analog clock in the pawn shop window show “12:35”.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
But not tonight.

PANEL FOUR

Two private Security Guards stand over a bruised bum, on the front stoop of an apartment building holding maglights dripping with blood.

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD MURPHY
Hell’s wrong with you? We told you last week to stay out of this building!

SECURITY GUARD O’NEAL
Murph, that’s enough.

SECURITY GUARD MURPHY
There’s kids live here! Good people! You think they want you sleeping in their lobby? They don’t want you here!

JUKKO (O.S.)
I don’t want any of you here.

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PANEL ONE

Security Guards Murphy and O’Neal whirl around and see Jukko standing there, holding out his StormWatch ID Badge. Murphy’s body language is confrontational.

SECURITY GUARD MURPHY
The Fuck are you?

JUKKO
I’m with United Nations StormWatch. I came to see what the commotion was all about.

OFFICER O’NEAL
Murph, don’t, he’s that guy on the memo in the break room...

PANEL TWO

Security Guard Murphy shoves Jukko’s shoulder with his maglight, leering at him.

SECURITY GUARD MURPHY
I don’t give a shit who he is. He’s interfering with Private Business.

SECURITY GUARD MURPHY
Now move along, Ugly, before I find out how many holes in your body I can jam this flashlight into.

SECURITY GUARD O’NEAL
Goddammit, Mur-

PANEL THREE

Jukko grabs Murphy by his nightstick arm, pulling his body into a vicious knee kick to the stomach.

SECURITY GUARD O’NEAL
-phy!

SECURITY GUARD MURPHY
Phluuuugh!

PANEL FOUR

Jukko stands over the unconscious Murphy and the bloodied bum. He points at the cringing Officer O’Neal.

JUKKO
These slippery streets can be the devil to work on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUKKO
I think you should take your partner and this man to an Emergency Room far away from here before YOU slip also.

JUKKO
Do we understand each other?

OFFICER O’NEAL
Yessir!

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PANEL ONE

Angle on Jukko’s medicine cabinet in his concrete bathroom. Inside is a cornucopia of pain medication: starting small with Asprin and Ibuprofen, moving through Codeine, Percocet, Percodan, Dilaudid, Morphine, Fentanyl, Oxycodone, and finally weird experimental drugs like Portenoy RK, Hagen NA, and Pain 1990;41:273-281.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Eeeny meeny miney moe...

JUKKO (CAPTION)
What is it with Rent-a-Cops? There’s no reason to beat someone like that. In Europe we just put the homeless on the last train to Belgium. No violence necessary.

PANEL TWO

Jukko shakes some pills into his hand.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I have built up an astounding tolerance to most of the over-the-counter pain killers. I would have to take a bottle of Ibuprofen to stop someone’s toothache two miles away.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I only keep a bottle around for when the weak sisters in the unit bang their knees on a desk or sprain a finger.

PANEL THREE

Jukko laying in bed, eyes closed. Massaging his head. The Ikea clock next to his head reads “01:26”

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Unfortunately, they are all out drinking so I will have to put up with their aching joints and hangovers tomorrow.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
But at least there’s no one around tonight. I have the place all to myself. Can’t feel anything happening outside, either.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I might actually get some sleep tonight!

PANEL FOUR

Jukko’s eyes snap open.

CONTINUED:

JUKKO
And just what in Seven Hells is this?

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PANEL ONE

Jukko getting out of bed, wearing only boxer briefs.

JUKKO
(he’s muttering to himself, so use small type)
Minua vituttaa, Paskiainen!

PANEL TWO

Jukko storms down a concrete hallway wearing only his briefs and flip-flops, angry. In front of him is a door which reads “Dr. Grunier” next to it.

JUKKO
(muttering)
Voi vittujen kevsat ja kyrpien takatalvi!

JUKKO
GRUNIER! What in Fucking Hell are you-

PANEL THREE

Over Jukko’s shoulder as he slams open Grunier’s door. In the background is DOCTOR YVONNE GRUNIER, StormWatch’s team medic and a decidedly hot little French number. Think Audrey Hepburn with a figure.

Grunier is lying in her bed, covers pulled up to the tops of her chest. She’s twisting her own nipples through the bedsheets.

JUKKO
-Doing... in here?

GRUNIER
You took your sweet time getting here, Hämäläinen. I thought I was beginning to think that I’d have to do this all night to get your attention.

PANEL FOUR

On Jukko, the anger drained from his face, replaced with surprise, shock and a bit of lasciviousness. Maybe he’s licking his lips?

GRUNIER (O.S.)
Now hustle over here and let me see if I can help you get to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Hell, woman. Who’s sleepy?

THE END, BABY!

Micah Wright

REFERENCE FOR THIS STORY:

THE UNITED NATIONS:

ONLINE VIRTUAL TOUR OF THE UN:

http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html